

THE
Recruiting Officer.

A
COMEDY.

BY
GEORGE FARQUHAR.

———Captique dolis, donisque eoacti.

VIRG. lib. 2. *Æneid.*

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T O

All Friends round the Wrekin.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

I NSTEAD of the mercenary expectations that attend addresses of this nature, I humbly beg, that this may be receiv'd as an acknowledgement for the favours you have already conferr'd : I have transgressed the rules of dedication, in offering you any thing in that style, without first asking your leave : but the entertainment I found in Shropshire, commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

'Twas my good fortune to be order'd some time ago into the place which is made the scene of this comedy. I was a perfect stranger to every thing in Salop, but its character of loyalty, the number of its inhabitants, the alacrity of the gentlemen in recruiting the army, with their generous and hospitable reception of strangers.

This character I found so amply verify'd in every particular, that you made recruiting, which is the greatest fatigue upon earth to others, to be the greatest pleasure in the world to me.

The kingdom cannot shew better bodies of men, better inclinations for the service, more generosity, more good understanding, nor more politeness, than is to be found at the foot of the Wrekin.

Some little turns of humour that I met with almost within the shade of that famous hill, gave the rise to this comedy ; and people were apprehensive that, by the example of some others, I would make the town merry at the expence of the country gentlemen : but they forgot that I was to write a comedy, not a libel ; and that whilst I held to nature, no person of any character in your country could suffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the justice and the clown in their *puris naturalibus* ; the one an apprehensive, sturdy, brave blockhead ; and the other a worthy, honest, generous gentleman, hearty in his country's cause, and of as good an understanding as I could give him, which I must confess is far short of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a word or two of the adventures of the Recruiting Officer upon the stage. Mr Rich, who commands the company for which those]

recruits were rais'd, has desir'd me to acquit him before the world of a charge which he thinks lyes heavy upon him, for acting this play on Mr Durfey's third night.

"Be it known unto all men, by these presents, that "it was my act and deed," or rather Mr Durfey's; for he would play his third night against the first of mine. He brought down a huge flight of frightful birds upon me; when (Heaven knows) I had not a feather'd fowl in my play, except one single Kite: but I presently made Plume a bird, because of his name, and Brazen another, because of the feather in his hat; and with these three I engag'd his whole empire, which I think was as great a wonder as any in the sun.

But to answer his complaints more gravely: the season was far advanc'd; the officers that made the greatest figures in my play were all commanded to their posts abroad, and waited only for a wind, which might possibly turn in less than a day: and I know none of Mr Durfey's birds that had posts abroad but his Woodcocks, and their season is over; so that he might put off a day with less prejudice than the Recruiting Officer cou'd; who has this farther to say for himself, that he was posted before the other spake, and could not with credit recede from his station.

These and some other rubs this comedy met with before it appear'd. But, on the other hand, it had powerful helps to set it forward: the Duke of Ormond encouraged the author, and the Earl of Orrery approv'd the play. My recruits were review'd by my General and my Colonel, and could not fail to pass muster; and still to add to my success, they were rais'd among my friends round the Wrekin.

This health has the advantage over our other celebrated toasts, never to grow worse for the wearing: 'tis a lasting beauty, old without age, and common without scandal. That you may live long to set it chearfully round, and to enjoy the abundant pleasures of your fair and plentiful country, is the hearty wish of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most Obliged,

And most Obedient Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PROLOGUE.

IN antient times, when Helen's fatal charms
 Rous'd the contending universe to arms,
 The Grecian council happily deputed
 The sly Ulysses forth—to raise recruits.
 The artful captain found, without delay,
 Where great Achilles, a deserter, lay.
 Him fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan blows :
 Him Greece requir'd —against their Trojan foes.
 All their recruiting arts were needful here,
 To raise this great, this tim'rous volunteer.
 Ulysses well could talk—he stirs, he warms
 The warlike youth—he listens to the charms
 Of plunders, fine lac'd coats, and glitt'ring arms.
 Ulysses caught the young aspiring boy,
 And list'd him who wrought the fate of Troy.
 Thus by recruiting was bold Hector slain :
 Recruiting thus fair Helen did regain.
 If for one Helen such prodigious things
 Were acted, that they even list'd kings ;
 If for one Helen's artful, vicious charms,
 Half the transported world was found in arms ;
 What for so many Helens may we dare,
 Whose minds as well as faces are so fair ?
 If by one Helen's eyes, old Greece could find
 Its Homer fir'd to write, ev'n Homer blind ;
 The Britons sure beyond compare may write,
 That view so many Helens ev'ry night.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr BALLANCE, }
Mr SCALE, } Three Justices.
Mr SCRUPLE, }

Mr WORTHY, a gentleman of Shropshire.

Capt. PLUME, }
Capt. BRAZEN, } Two recruiting officers.

KITE, Serjeant to Plume.

BULLOCK, a country clown.

COSTAR PEARMAIN, }
THO. APPLETREE, } Two recruits.

MELINDA, a lady of fortune.

SILVIA, daughter to Ballance, in love with Plume.

LUCY, Melinda's maid.

ROSE, a country wench.

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, SHREWSBURY.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Market-place—Drum beats the grenadier-march.

*Enter Serjeant KITE, follow'd by THOMAS APPLE-
TREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, and the mob.*

KITE making a speech.

IF any gentlemen soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve her Majesty, and pull down the French King: if any prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents: if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife: let them repair to the noble Serjeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment—Gentlemen, I don't beat my drum here to insnare or inveigle any man, for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers, grenadiers, gentlemen—Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour, it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a tricker: and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man—Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Cost. Is there no harm in't? won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can—Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it? no gunpowder plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily—Let me see it—
[*Going to put it on.*] it smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, Serjeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

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Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. O! mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may ly in it together, and never feel one another.

Cost. My wife and I wou'd do well to ly in't, for we don't care for feeling one another—but do folk sleep sound in this bed of honour?

Kite. Sound! ay, so sound that they never 'wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so! then, I find, brother——

Cost. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet—look'e, Serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see—if I have a mind to list, why so—if not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing—no coaxing, no brothering me, faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have serv'd twenty campaigns—but, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you, a pretty young sprightly fellow—I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base: tho' I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built! how firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle; but I scorn to wheedle any man—Come, honest lad, will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best He that wears a head, that is, begging your pardon, Sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say, but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters—'tis the Queen's money, and the Queen's drink—she's a generous Queen, and loves her subjects—I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the Queen's health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then! buzza for the Queen, and the honour of Shropshire.

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum.

[*Exeunt shouting, drum beating a grenadier's-march.*

Enter PLUME in a riding habit.

Plu. By the grenadier march, that should be my drum; and by that shout, it should beat with success—Let me see—Four a clock—*[Looking on his watch.]* At ten yesterday morning I left London—a hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Enter KITE.

Kite. Welcome to Shrewsbury, noble Captain: from the banks of the Danube to the Severn-side, noble Captain, you're welcome.

Plu. A very elegant reception indeed, Mr Kite: I find you are fairly enter'd into your recruiting strain:—pray, what success?

Kite. I have been here a week, and I have recruited five!

Plu. Five! pray, what are they?

Kite. I have listed the strong man of Kent, the King of the Gypsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney, and a Welsh parson.

Plu. An attorney! wert thou mad? list a lawyer! discharge him, discharge him this minute.

Kite. Why, Sir?

Plu. Because I will have nobody in my company that can write; a fellow that can write, can draw petitions—
—I say this minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the parson?

Plu. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plu. Keep him by all means.—But how stands the country affected? were the people pleas'd with the news of my coming to town?

Kite. Sir, the mob are so pleas'd with your Honour, and the Justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business.—But, Sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Plu. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country: you remember your old friend Molly at the castle?

Plu. She's not with child, I hope.

Kite. No, no, Sir—she was brought to-bed yesterday.

Plu. Kite, you must father the child.

Kite. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Plu. If they shou'd, we'll take her with us; she can wash, you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your Honour knows that I am married already.

Plu. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see.—*Imprimis*, Mrs Shely Snikereyes, she sells potatoes upon Ormond-key in Dublin—Peggy Guzzle, the brandy woman, at the Horse-guard at Whitehall—Dolly Waggon, the carrier's daughter at Hull—Mademoiselle Vanbottomflat at the Buss—then Jenny Oakham, the ship carpenter's widow, at Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of marines, and a man of war's boatswain.

Plu. A full company—you have nam'd five—come, make 'em half a dozen.—*Kite*,—is the child a boy or a girl?

Kite. A chopping boy.

Plu. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine: enter him a grenadier by the name of Francis Kite, absent upon furlow.—I'll allow you a man's pay for his subsistence, and now go comfort the wench in the straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plu. But hold, have you made any use of your German doctor's habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie—I was oblig'd to let my landlord into the secret, for the convenience of keeping it so; but he's an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device, Sir, will get you men, and me money, which, I think, is all we want at present.—But yonder comes your friend Mr Worthy.—Has your Honour any further commands?

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Plu. None at present. [*Exit Kite.*] 'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life's departed.

Enter WORTHY.

What, arms a-crofs, Worthy! methinks you should hold 'em open, when a friend's so near—the man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this magic blow.

[*Slaps Worthy on the shoulder.*]

Wor. Plume! My dear captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd!

Plu. I 'scap'd safe from Germany, and sound, I hope, from London; you see I have lost neither leg, arm, nor nose; then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an excellent stomach for roast-beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow: once I was so.

Plu. What ails thee, man? no inundations nor earthquakes in Wales, I hope? has your father rose from the dead, and re-assum'd his estate?

Wor. No.

Plu. Then you are marry'd surely.

Wor. No.

Plu. Then you are mad, or turning quaker.

Wor. Come, I must out with it—your once gay, roving friend, is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Plu. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Plu. Give me thy hand: if thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plu. For a regiment—but for a woman, 'sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one: and can the love of one bring you into this condition? pray, who is this wonderful Helen?

Wor. A Helen indeed, not to be won under a ten years siege; as great a beauty, and as great a jilt.

Plu. A jilt, pho! is she as great a whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plu. 'Tis ten thousand pities: but who is she? do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plu. That's impossible—I know no woman that will hold out a ten years siege.

Wor. What think you of Melinda?

Plu. Melinda! why she began to capitulate this time twelve-month, and offered to surrender upon honourable terms; and I advis'd you to propose a settlement of five hundred pounds a year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one week to consider—when, beyond her hopes, the town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my siege into a blockade.

Plu. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady Richly, her aunt in Flintshire, dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds.

Plu. Oh, the devil! what a delicate woman was there spoil'd! but by the rules of war now—Worthy, blockade was foolish—after such a convoy of provisions was enter'd the place, ye could have no thought of reducing it by famine, you should have redoubled your attacks, taken the town by storm, or have died upon the breach.

Wor. I did make one general assault, and push'd it with all my forces; but I was so vigorously repuls'd, that, despairing of ever gaining her for a mistress, I have alter'd my conduct, given my addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a wife.

Plu. So, as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approach'd her as a goddess, she us'd you like a dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plu. 'Tis the way of 'em all—come, Worthy, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring you together, you must not think to surmount her pride by your humility; wou'd you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do, should be to fly with her chambermaid, and hire three or four wenches in the neighbourhood to report that I had got them with child—suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty women in

town, and left her out; or what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the ugliest.

Wor. These wou'd be mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise, dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no——

Plu. What, no bastards! and so many recruiting officers in town! I thought 'twas a maxim among them, to leave as many recruits in the country as they carry'd out.

Wor. Nobody doubts your good will, noble captain, in serving your country with your best blood, witness our friend Molly at the castle; there have been tears in town about that business, Captain.

Plu. I hope Sylvia has not heard of it.

Wor. O, Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor Sylvia.

Plu. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my head. 'Tis true, Sylvia and I had once agreed to go to bed together, cou'd we have adjusted preliminaries; but she would have the wedding before consummation, as I was for consummation before the wedding; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obstinate fool, and wou'd lose her maidenhead her own way, so she may keep it for Plume.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other conditions?

Plu. Your pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no condition at all—if I shou'd, I am resolv'd never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life, 'till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour. Suppose I marry'd a woman that wanted a leg—such a thing might be, unless I examin'd the goods before hand—if people would but try one anothers constitutions before they engag'd, it would prevent all these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say, that——

Plu. I hate country towns for that reason—if your town has a dishonourable thought of Sylvia, it deserves to be burnt to the ground—I love Sylvia, I admire her frank, generous disposition—there's something in that girl more than woman, her sex is but a foil to her. The

ingratitude, dissimulation, envy, pride, avarice, and vanity of her sister females, do but set off their contraries in her—in short, were I once a general, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have reason—for were you but a corporal, she wou'd marry you—but my Melinda coquets it with every fellow she sees—I'll lay fifty pound she makes love to you.

Plu. I'll lay you a hundred that I return it, if she does—look'e, Worthy, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her you shall wear her, faith; I wou'd not value the conquest, without the credit of the victory.

Enter KITE.

Kite. Captain, captain, a word in your ear.

Plu. You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs Molly—my wife, Mr Worthy.

Wor. O ho, very well, I wish you joy, Mr Kite.

Kite. Your Worship very well may—for I have got both a wife and a child in half an hour—but as I was saying, you sent me to comfort Mrs Molly—my wife I mean—but what d'ye think, Sir? she was better comforted before I came.

Plu. As how?

Kite. Why, Sir, a footman in a blue livery had brought her ten guineas to buy her baby cloaths.

Plu. Who, in the name of wonder, cou'd send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—Mrs Sylvia.

[Whispers.]

Plu. Sylvia, generous creature!

Wor. Sylvia? impossible!

Kite. Here are the guineas, Sir.—I took the gold, as part of my wife's portion. Nay, farther, Sir, she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with this news, call'd after me, and told me, that his lady wou'd speak with me: I went, and upon hearing that you were come to town, she gave me half a guinea for the news, and order'd me to tell you, that Justice Ballance her father, who has

just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Plu. There's a girl for you, Worthy—is there any thing of woman in this? no 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship. Shew me another woman that wou'd lose an inch of her prerogative that way, without tears, fits, and reproaches. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises, and can part with the lover, tho' she dies for the man. Come, Worthy, where's the best wine? for there I'll quarter.

Wor. Horton has a fresh pipe of choice Barcelona, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, because I reserv'd the maidenhead of it for your welcome to town.

Plu. Let's away then—Mr Kite, go to the lady with my humble service, and tell her, I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, Kite—have you seen the other recruiting captain?

Kite. No, Sir; I'd have you to know I don't keep such company.

Plu. Another! who is he?

Wor. My rival in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow—but I'll tell you more as we go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

MELINDA and SYLVIA meeting.

Mel. Welcome to town, cousin Sylvia, [*Salute.*] I envy'd you your retreat in the country; for Shrewsbury, methinks, and all your heads of shires, are the most irregular places for living; here we have smoak, noise, scandal, affectation, and pretension; in short, every thing to give the spleen—and nothing to divert it—Then the air is intolerable.

Syl. O Madam! I have heard the town commended for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider, Sylvia, how long I have liv'd in't! for I can assure you, that to a lady, the least nice in her constitution—no air can be good above half a year. Change of air, I take to be the most agreeable of any variety in life.

Syl. As you say, cousin Melinda, there are several sorts of airs.

Mel. Psha ! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste—have not you, Sylvia, found a vast difference in the taste of airs ?

Syl. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air ? taste air ! you might as well tell me, I may feed upon air : but prithee, my dear Melinda, don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same ; and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the Welsh mountains made our fingers ake in a cold morning at the boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike ; you have the constitution of an horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled with neither spleen, cholic, nor vapours ; I need no salts for my stomach, no harts-horn for my head, nor wash for my complexion. I can gallop all the morning after the hunting-horn, and all the evening after a fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my father, but drink, and shoot flying ; and I'm sure I can do every thing my mother cou'd, were I put to the trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't ; for I am told your captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay, Melinda, he is come, and I'll take care he shan't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin.

Syl. —“ And there's a pleasure sure

“ In being mad, which none but madmen know.”

Mel. Thou poor romantic Quixot !—hast thou the vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly officer, that rambles o'er half the globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice, in an obscure part of the world ?

Syl. Psha ! what care I for his thoughts ; I shou'd not like a man with confin'd thoughts, it shews a narrowness of soul. Constancy is but a dull sleepy quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly virtues ; nor do I think it deserves a place with bravery, knowledge,

policy, justice, and some other qualities that are proper to that noble sex. In short, Melinda, I think, a petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an appendix to our sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in petticoats, as if you were in breeches.—O' my conscience, Sylvia, hadst thou been a man, thou hadst been the greatest rake in Christendom.

Syl. I shou'd have endeavour'd to know the world, which a man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred friendships, and as many amours: but now I think on't, how stands your affair with Mr Worthy?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Syl. I say, that you should not use that honest fellow so inhumanly. He's a gentleman of parts and fortune; and besides that, he's my Plume's friend, and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself in breeches in good earnest.—But to be plain with you, I like Worthy the worse for being so intimate with your Captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly coxcomb.

Syl. O, Madam! you never saw him, perhaps, since you were mistress of twenty thousand pound; you only knew him when you were capitulating with Worthy for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam; for, methinks, you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your Ladyship's as plain as mine to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up with a rakehell officer, as you do.

Syl. Again! look'e, Madam, you're in your own house.

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Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I shou'd have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, Madam, I shan't desire to have my visit return'd.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations; and, so, Madam, your humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. What's the matter, Madam?

Mel. Did you not see the proud nothing, how she swell'd upon the arrival of her fellow?

Lucy. Her fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occasion any great swelling, Madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't, if I can help it—let me see—I have it—Bring me pen and ink—Hold, I'll go write in my closet.

Lucy. An answer to this letter, I hope, Madam?

[*Presents a letter.*]

Mel. Who sent it?

Lucy. Your Captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I am tir'd of him; send it back unopen'd.

Lucy. The messenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an answer? call him back immediately, while I go write. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment.

Enter Justice BALLANCE and PLUME.

BALLANCE.

LOOK'E, Captain, give us but blood for our money, and you shan't want men. I remember that for some years of the last war we had no blood, no wounds, but in the officers' mouths; nothing for our

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millions but newspapers not worth a reading—our army did nothing but play at prison-base, and hide and seek with the enemy; but now ye have brought us colours, and standards, and prisoners.——Ad's my life, Captain, get us but another Marshal of France, and I'll go myself for a soldier——

Plu. Pray, Mr Ballance, how does your fair daughter?

Bal. Ah, Captain! what is my daughter to a Marshal of France! we're upon a nobler subject; I want to have a particular description of the battle of Hockstet.

Plu. The battle, Sir, was a very pretty battle as any one shou'd desire to see; but we were all so intent upon victory, that we never minded the battle: all that I know of the matter is, our General commanded us to beat the French, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do it again. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs Sylvia?

Bal. Still upon-Sylvia! For shame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the war; victory is your mistress; and 'tis below a soldier to think of any other.

Plu. As a mistress, I confess; but as a friend, Mr Ballance——

Bal. Come, come, Captain, never mince the matter; would not you debauch my daughter, if you cou'd?

Plu. How, Sir! I hope she's not to be debauch'd.

Bal. Faith, but she is, Sir; and any woman in England of her age and complexion, by a man of your youth and vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was younger and once an officer as you are; and I can guess at your thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I wou'd have given one of my legs to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plu. But, Sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Bal. Not much of that.

Plu. There the comparison breaks; the favours, Sir, that——

Bal. Pho, pho, I hate set speeches; if I have done you any service, Captain, 'twas to please myself; I love thee, and if I could part with my girl, you should have

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her as soon as any young fellow I know: but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and the more prudence than to follow the camp; but she's at her own disposal, she has fifteen hundred pound in her pocket, and so—Sylvia, Sylvia. [Calls.]

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. There are some letters, Sir, come by the post from London, I left them upon the table in your closet.

Bal. And here is a gentleman from Germany. [Presents Plume to her.] Captain, you'll excuse me, I'll go and read my letters, and wait on you. [Exit.]

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Plu. You are indebted to me a welcome, Madam, since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand, was the principal cause of my seeing England.

Syl. I have often heard that soldiers were sincere; shall I venture to believe public report?

Plu. You may, when 'tis back'd by private insurance! for I swear, Madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there is a certain will and testament to be made beforehand.

Plu. My will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open the parchment, which was drawn the evening before the battle of Blenheim, you will find whom I left my heir.

Syl. Mrs Sylvia Ballance, [Opens the will and reads.] well, Captain, this is a handsome and a substantial compliment; but I can assure you, I am much better pleased with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I shou'd have been in the possession of your legacy: but methinks, Sir, you shou'd have left something to your little boy at the castle.

Plu. That's home, [Aside.] my little boy! lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why the girl, Madam, is my serjeant's wife, and

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so the poor creature gave out that I was father, in hopes that my friends might support her in case of necessity—that was all, Madam—my boy! no, no, no.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, my master has receiv'd some ill news from London, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plu. Ill news! Heavens avert it! nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assur'd, that if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the father of my Sylvia, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The necessity must be very pressing, that would engage me to endanger either. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Enter BALLANCE and SYLVIA.

Syl. Whilst there is life, there is hope, Sir; perhaps, my brother may recover.

Bal. We have but little reason to expect it: Doctor Killman acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have no son—poor Owen!—but the decree is just: I was pleas'd with the death of my father, because he left me an estate, and now I am punish'd with the loss of an heir to inherit mine; I must now look upon you as the only hopes of my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts, and new prospects.

Syl. My desire of being punctual in my obedience, requires that you would be plain in your commands, Sir.

Bal. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about twelve hundred pounds a year: this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality, and a title; you must set a just value upon yourself, and, in plain terms, think no more of Captain Plume.

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman, Sir.

Bal. And I do so still, he's a very pretty fellow; but though I lik'd him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and fa-

mily; fifteen hundred pounds indeed I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness; but,—ods my life, twelve hundred pound a year wou'd ruin him, quite turn his brain: a captain of foot worth twelve hundred pound a year! 'tis a prodigy in nature: besides this, I have five or six thousand pounds in woods upon my estate. Oh! that wou'd make him stark mad: for you must know, that all captains have a mighty aversion to timber, they can't endure to see trees standing: then I should have some rogue of a builder, by the help of his damn'd magic art, transform my noble oaks and elms into cornishes, portals, fashies, birds, beasts and devils, to adorn some magotty, new-fashion'd bauble upon the Thames; and then I shou'd have a dog of a gardener bring a *Habeas Corpus* for my *Terra Firma*, remove it to Chelsea, or Twittenham, and clap it into grass-plats, and gravel-walks.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's one with a letter below for your Worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Bal. Come, shew me the messenger. [*Ex. with Serv.*]

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am Prince Prettyman exactly—If my brother dies, ah poor brother! if he lives, ah poor sister! 'tis bad both ways. I'll try it again,—follow my own inclinations, and break my father's heart; or obey his commands, and break my own: worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? a moderate fortune, a pretty fellow and a pad; or a fine estate, a coach and six, and an ass—that will never do neither.

Enter Justice BALLANCE and a SERVANT.

Bal. Put four horses to the coach. [*To a Servant, who goes out.*] Ho, Sylvia.

Syl. Sir.

Bal. How old were you when your mother dy'd?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Bal. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

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Bal. Then, Sylvia, I must beg that once in your life you wou'd grant me a favour.

Syl. Why shou'd you question it, Sir?

Bal. I don't, but I would rather counsel than command; I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advice of your friend; that you wou'd take the coach this moment, and go into the country.

Syl. Does this advice, Sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you receiv'd just now?

Bal. No matter, I will be with you in three or four days, and then give you my reasons.—But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, Sir.

Bal. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man, without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Bal. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent: and so, Sylvia, the coach is ready; farewell. [*Leads her to the door, and returus.*] Now, she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer. [*Reads.*]

“S I R,

“My intimacy with Mr Worthy has drawn a secret
“from him, that he had from his friend Captain Plume;
“and my friendship and relation to your family, oblige me to give you timely notice of it: the Captain
“has dishonourable designs upon my Cousin Sylvia.
“Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than
“amended: and that you wou'd immediately send my
“cousin into the country, is the advice of,

“S I R,

“Your humble servant,

“MELINDA.”

Why, the devil's in the young fellows of this age, they are ten times worse than they were in my time: had he made my daughter a whore, and forswore it like a gentleman, I could have almost pardon'd it; but to tell tales beforehand is monstrous!—Hang it, I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and feather? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter WORTHY.

Worthy! your servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, Sir, to be the messenger of ill news.

Bal. I apprehend it, Sir, you have heard that my son Owen is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead, Sir.

Bal. He's happy, and I'm satisfy'd: the strokes of Heaven I can bear; but injuries from men, Mr Worthy, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no apprehension of wrong from any body.

Bal. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour, in believing I cou'd know any thing to your prejudice without resenting it as much as you shou'd.

Bal. This letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me, that Plume has a design upon Sylvia, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author. [*Takes up a bit.*] Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, Melinda shall tell me. [*Going.*]

Bal. Hold, Sir, the contents I have told you already, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with Mr Worthy had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me! dear Sir, let me pick up the pieces of this letter; 'twill give me such a hank upon her pride, to have her own an intimacy under her hand: this was the luckiest accident! [*Gathering up the letter.*] The aspersion, Sir, was nothing but malice, the effect of a little quarrel between her and Mrs Sylvia.

Bal. Are you sure of that, Sir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle just now, as she overheard it. But I hope, Sir, your daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the account.

Bal. No, no, poor girl, she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that to avoid company she beg'd leave to be gone into the country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Bal. I cou'd not refuse her, she was so pressing; the

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coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, Sir!—I find her fortune will give her the same airs with Melinda, and then Plume and I may laugh at one another.

Bal. Like enough; women are as subject to pride as men are; and why may'nt great women, as well as great men, forget their old acquaintance?—But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal—I'm glad my daughter's gone fairly off tho'. [*Aside.*] Where does the captain quarter?

Wor. At Horton's; I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Bal. Your pardon, dear Worthy, I must allow a day or two to the death of my son: the decorum of mourning is what we owe the world, because they pay it to us. Afterwards, I'm yours over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant. [*Ex. severally.*]

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAIN in one hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, drunk.

KITE sings.

*Our prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away—Over, &c.*

[The mob sings the chorus.

*We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills, and far away—Over, &c.*

Kite. Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play: we live, as one shou'd say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes—Why—why, you are a king—you are an emperor, and I'm a prince, now—an't we?—

Tho. No, Serjeant, I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. No, I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice of peace, man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing-act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done: you are a justice of peace, and you are a king, and I am a duke, and a rum duke, a'n't I?

Cost. Ay, but I'll be no king.

Kite. What then?

Cost. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

Cost. Ay, queen of England, that's greater than any king of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, 'faith; huzza for the Queen. [*Huzza.*] But, hark'e, you, Mr Justice, and you, Mr Queen, did you never see the Queen's picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in gold, and as like her Majesty, God blefs the mark. See here, they are set in gold.

[*Takes two broad pieces out of his pocket, gives one to each.*]

Tho. The wonderful works of nature! [*Looking at it.*]

Cost. What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*—What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O, *Carolus*?—why, *Carolus* is Latin for Queen Anne; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard—Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know; I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old friend, *when I am over the hills, and far away.* [They sing, and put up the money.]

Enter PLUME singing.

Plu. *Over the hills, and over the main,*

Ta Flanders, Portugal, or Spain:

The Queen commands, and we'll obey,

Over the hills, and far away.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: who are these hearty lads?

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Kite. Off with your hats ; 'ounds, off with your hats : this is the Captain, the Captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too ; 's flesh, I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I've scarcely d'off mine for any captain in England : my vether's a freeholder.

Plu. Who are these jolly lads, Serjeant ?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows that are willing to serve the Queen : I have entertain'd 'em just now, as volunteers, under your Honour's command.

Plu. And good entertainment they shall have : volunteers are the men I want, those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wauns, Tummas, what's this ! are you listed ?

Tho. Flesh ! not I : are you, Costar ?

Cost. Wauns ! not I.

Kite. What ! not listed ! ha, ha, ha ! a very good jest, i'faith.

Cost. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home ! for shame, gentlemen, behave yourselves better before your Captain : dear Tummas, honest Costar.

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay : I place you both centinels in this place, for two hours, to watch the motion of St Mary's clock, you ; and you the motion of St Chad's : and he that dares stir from his post, till he be reliev'd, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plu. What's the matter, Serjeant ? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir ! they disobey command, Sir, and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an example to the other.

Cost. Shot, Tummas ?

Plu. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter ?

Tho. We don't know ; the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, Sir—but—

Kite. They disobey command ; they deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it noi-

ther ; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot : but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your Worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plu. That's easily known ; have either of you receiv'd any of the Queen's money ?

Cost. Not a brass farthing, Sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd three-and-twenty shillings and sixpence, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cost. Wounds ! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I ; look ye here, Sir.

Cost. Nothing but the Queen's picture, that the Serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a broad piece, three-and-twenty shillings and sixpence ; t'other has the fellow on't.

Plu. The case is plain, gentlemen, the goods are found upon you : those pieces of gold are worth three-and-twenty and sixpence each.

Cost. So it seems that *Carolus* is three-and-twenty and sixpence in Latin.

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed.

Cost. Flesh ! but we a'n't, Tummas : I desire to be carry'd before the Mayor, Captain.

[Captain and Serjeant *whisper the while.*

Plu. 'Twill never do, Kite——your damn'd tricks will ruin me at last——I won't lose the fellows tho', if I can help it.——Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this ; my Serjeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, Captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folk ; but for me, or neighbour Costar here, to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjury.

Plu. Look'e, rascal, you villain ! if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog.——Come, how was't ?

Tho. Nay, then, we'll speak : your Serjeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your Worship, begging your Worship's pardon——and——

Cost. Nay, Tummas, let me speak ; you know I can

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read—And so, Sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the Queen, by way of a present.

Plu. How, by way of a present! the son of a whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you! scoundrel, rogue, villain! [*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*]

Both. O brave noble Captain! huzza! a brave captain, i'faith!

Cost. Now, Tummas, *Carolus* is Latin for a beating: this is the bravest captain I ever saw.—Wounds, I have a month's mind to go with him.

Enter PLUME.

Plu. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you—Look'e, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow; I come among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper, to steal slaves.

Cost. Mind that, Tummas.

Plu. I desire no man to go with me, but as I went myself: I went a volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that, Costar: a sweet gentleman.

Plu. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the Queen's money was in your pockets, my Serjeant was ready to take his oath you were list-ed; but I scorn to do a base thing; you are both of you at your liberty.

Cost. Thank you, noble Captain.—I'cod, I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, Costar, wou'd he always hold in this mind.

Plu. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you; you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours: what think you now of a purse of French gold out of a Monsieur's pocket, after you have dash'd out his brains with the but-end of your firelock? eh!

Cost. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain—give me a shilling; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar, do'na; be advis'd.

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Plu. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of-what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it, do'na, dear Costar.

[*Cries, and pulls back his arm.*]

Cost. I wull—I wull—Waunds, my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself—I take your money, Sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plu. Give me thy hand, and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it where-ever we tread.—Bring your friend with you if you can.

[*Aside.*]

Cost. Well, Tummas, must we part?

Tho. No, Costar, I canno' leave thee.—Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honest simpler lads in your company than we two have been, I'll fay no more.

Plu. Here, my lad. [*Gives him money.*] Now your name?

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

Plu. And yours?

Cost. Costar Pearmain.

Plu. Well said, Costar! born where?

Tho. Both in Herefordshire.

Plu. Very well; courage, my lads—Now, we'll sing, *Over the hills, and far away.*

Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten

But we return all gentlemen;

While conquering colours we display,

Over the hills and far away.

Kite, take care of 'em.

Enter KITE.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows now! here you have complain'd to the Captain, I am to be turn'd out, and one of you will be serjeant. But, in the mean time, march, you sons of whores. [*Beats 'em off.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Market-place.

Enter PLUME and WORTHY.

WORTHY.

I Cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two fortunes: we lov'd two ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, fortune drops into their laps, pride possesses their hearts, a maggot fills their heads, madness takes 'em by the tails, they snort, kick up their heels, and away they run.

Plu. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore—a couple of poor melancholy monsters—What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine; the letter, you know, and the fortune-teller.

Plu. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Plu. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plu. No; I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman, were she worth twelve thousand a-year; and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve hundred—the generous good-natur'd Sylvia, in her smock, I admire; but the haughty, scornful Sylvia, with her fortune, I despise—what! sneak but of town, and not so much as a word, a line, a compliment—'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the window-bars too, to come at her—Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter KITE.

Kite. Captain, captain, Sir! look yonder, she's a coming this way: 'tis the prettiest, cleanest, little tit!

Plu. Now, Worthy, to shew you how much I am in love;—here she comes: but Kite, what is that great country-fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter ROSE, follow'd by her brother BULLOCK, with chickens on her arm in a basket.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Plu. Here, you chickens!

Rose. Who calls?

Plu. Come hither, pretty maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, child, we'll both buy.

Plu. Nay, Worthy, that's not fair, market for yourself.—Come, child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your service. [*Curses.*]

Wor. Then must I shift for myself, I find. [*Exit.*]

Plu. Let me see; young and tender, you say.

[*Chucks her under the chin.*]

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, Sir.

Plu. Come, I must examine your basket to the bottom, my dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your hand; feel, Sir; I warrant my ware as good as any in the market.

Plu. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plu. Come then, we won't quarrel about the price, they're fine birds.—Pray, what's your name, pretty creature?

Rose. Rose, Sir; my father is a farmer within three short mile o' the town; we keep this market; I sell chickens, eggs, and butter, and my brother Bullock there sells corn.

Bul. Come, sister, haste, we shall be late hoame.

[*Whistles about the stage.*]

Plu. Kite! [*Tips him the wink, he returns it.*] Pretty Mrs Rose—you have—let me see—how many?

Rose. A dozen, Sir, and they're richly worth a crown.

Bul. Come, Ruose, I sold fifty strake of barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a penny, more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, oafe! I can make as much out of a groat, as you can out of fourpence, I'm sure—the gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And so, Sir, I say, for a crown piece the bargain's yours.

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Plu. Here's a guinea, my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, Sir.

Plu. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my lodging is hard by, chicken, and we'll make change there.

[Goes off, she follows him.]

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these hussars eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards pick his teeth with a palisado.

Bul. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things; but pray, Sir, what is a rabelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd pye, but the crust is confounded hard, and the plumbs are somewhat hard of digestion.

Bul. Then your palisado, pray, what may he be? Come, Ruose, pray, ha' done.

Kite. Your palisado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bul. That's a fib, I believe. *[Aside.]* Eh! where's Ruose? Ruose! Ruose! 's flesh, where's Ruose gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bul. The Captain! wauns, there's no pressing of women, sure.

Kite. But there is, sure.

Bul. If the Captain shou'd press Ruose, I shou'd be ruin'd.—Which way went she! O, the devil take your rablins and palisadoes. *[Exit.]*

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest Bullock, or I shall miss of my aim.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Why, thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualify'd?

Kite. You must know, Sir, I was born a gipsy, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old, there I learn'd canting and lying; I was bought from my mother, Cleopatra, by a certain nobleman, for three pistoles, who liking my beauty, made me his page; there I learn'd impudence and pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's linen, and drinking my Lady's ra-

tafia, and turn'd bailiff's follower; there I learn'd bullying and swearing. I at last got into the army, and there I learn'd whoring and drinking——so that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, *viz.* canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoring, drinking, and a halbert, you will find the sum total amount to a recruiting serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn soldier?

Kite. Hunger and ambition; the fears of starving, and hopes of a truncheon, led me along to a gentleman, with a fair tongue, and fair periwig, who loaded me with promises, but 'gad 'twas the lightest load that ever I felt in my life: he promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so to a garret in the Savoy: I asked him why he put me in prison, he call'd me lying dog, and said I was in garrison; and indeed 'tis a garrison that may hold out 'till dooms-day before I shou'd desire to take it again. But here comes Justice Ballance.

Enter BALLANCE and BULLOCK.

Bal. Here, you serjeant, where's your captain? here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me with a complaint, that your captain has press'd his sister; do you know any thing of this matter, Worthy?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his sister is gone with Plume to his lodging, to sell him some chickens.

Bal. Is that all? the fellow's a fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your Worship, but if your Worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your Worship, for fear of the worst.

Bal. Thou'rt mad, fellow, thy sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too, *[Aside.]*

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the captain can lift women?

Bul. I know not whether they lift them, or what they do with them, but I am sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Bal. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bul. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die; but this gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe—you thought no harm, friend, did you?

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Kite. Lack-a-day, Sir, not I—only that, I believe, I shall marry her to-morrow. [*Aside.*]

Bal. I begin to smell powder. Well, Friend, but what did that gentleman with you?

Bul. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine story of a great sea fight between the Hungarians, I think it was, and the Wild-Irith.

Kite. And so, Sir, while we were in the heat of the battle—the captain carry'd off the baggage.

Bal. Serjeant, go along with this fellow to your captain, give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, though he has list'd her.

Bul. Ay, and if he be'n't free for that, he shall have another man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters instead of the captain's. [*Aside. Ex. Kite and Bul.*]

Bal. We must get this mad captain his complement of men and send him packing, else he'll over-run the country.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your daughter's disdain.

Bal. I like him the better; I was just such another fellow at his age; I never set my heart upon any woman so much as to make myself uneasy at the disappointment; but what was very surprising both to myself and friends, I chang'd o' th' sudden, from the most fickle lover, to the most constant husband in the world. But how goes your affair with Melinda?

Wor. Very slowly. Cupid had formerly wings, but I think, in this age, he goes upon crutches; or I fancy Venus had been dallying with her cripple Vulcan when my amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely. My mistress has got a captain too, but such a captain! as I live, yonder he comes.

Bal. Who, that bluff fellow in the fash? I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every body at first sight; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living, for he won't be alone, and nobody will keep him company twice; then he's a Cæsar among the women, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all.

If he has but talk'd with the maid, he swears he has lain with the mistress; but the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the world.

Bal. I have met with such men, and I take this good-for-nothing memory to proceed from a certain texture of the brain, which is purely adapted to impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the owner having no thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a man as perfect as a chronologer, as to the day and year of the most important transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the causes or consequences of any one thing of moment: I have known another acquire so much by travel, as to tell you the names of most places in Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a post-boy; but for any thing else, as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, Sir; add but the traveller's privilege of lying, and even that he abuses; this is the picture, behold the life.

Enter BRAZEN.

Bra. Mr Worthy, I am your servant, and so forth—hark'e, my dear.

Wor. Whispering, Sir, before company is not manners, and when no body's by, 'tis foolish.

Bra. Company! *Mort de ma vie!* I beg the gentleman's pardon; who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Bra. So I will. My dear, I am your servant, and so forth—your name, my dear?

Brll. Very Laconic, Sir.

Bra. Laconic! a very good name truly; I have known several of the Laconics abroad: poor Jack Laconic! he was kill'd at the battle of Landen. I remember that he had a blue ribbon in his hat that very day, and after he fell, we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Bal. Pray, Sir, did the French attack us, or we them, at Landen?

Bra. The French attack us! Oons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Bal. Why that question?

Bra. Because none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the French durst attack us—No, Sir; we attack'd them on the—I have reason to remember the time, for I had two and twenty horses kill'd under me that day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Bal. Or perhaps, Sir, like my countryman, you rid upon half a dozen horses at once.

Bra. What do ye mean, gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I flak'd to death upon the enemies *chevaux de frise*.

Bal. Noble captain, may I crave your name?

Bra. Brazen, at your service.

Bal. Oh, Brazen, a very good name; I have known several of the Brazens abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain Plume?

Bra. Is he any thing related to Frank Plume in Northamptonshire?—Honest Frank! many, many a dry bottle have we crack'd hand to fist. You must have known his brother Charles that was concern'd in the India Company; he married the daughter of old Tonguepad, the master in Chancery, a very pretty woman, only squinted a little; she dy'd in childbed of her first child; but the child surviv'd; 'twas a daughter; but whether 'twas call'd Margaret or Margery, upon my soul I can't remember. [*Looking on his watch.*] But, gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walks by the water—Wor-
thy, your servant; Laconic, yours. [*Exit.*]

Bal. If you can have so mean an opinion of Melinda, as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a lover, as to set me up a rival; were there any credit to be given to his words, I thoud believe Melinda had made him this assignation; I must go see. Sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit.*]

Bal. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a man of business.—But what have we got here?

Enter ROSE singing.

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady, and ride single upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet saddle; and I shall go to London, and see the tombs, and the lions, and the queen. Sir, an please your Worship, I have often seen your Worship ride through our grounds a-hunting, begging your Worship's pardon—pray what may this lace be worth a yard? [*Shewing some lace.*]

Bal. Right Mechlin, by this light! where did you get this lace, child?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir. I came honestly by it.

Bal. I question it much. [*Aside.*]

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-shell snuff-box, and fine mangery, see here, [*Takes snuff affectedly.*] the captain learn'd me how to take it with an air.

Bal. Oho! the Captain! now the murder's out. And so the Captain taught you to take it with an air?

Rose. Yes, and give it me with an air too—will your Worship please to taste my snuff? [*Offers the box affectedly.*]

Bal. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid. And pray, what did you give the Captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier, and two or three sweethearts that I have in the country, they shall all go with the Captain: O he's the finest man, and the humblest withal; wou'd you believe it, Sir, he carry'd me up with him to his own chamber, with as much fam-mam-mill-yararality as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Bal. Oh! he's a mighty familiar gentleman, as can be.

Enter PLUME singing.

Plume. But it is not so

With those that go,

Thro' frost and snow,

Most apropos,

My maid with the milking-pail.

[*Takes hold of Rose.*]

How, the justice! then I'm arraign'd condemn'd, and executed.

Bal. O, my noble Captain!

Rose. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

Plu. 'Sdeath, child, are you mad?—Mr Ballance, I am so full of business about my recruits, that I ha'n't a moment's time to—I have just now three or four people to——

Bal. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you——

Rose. And so must I too, Captain.

Plu. Any other time, Sir,—I cannot for my life, Sir,—

Bal. Pray, Sir——

Plu. Twenty thousand things—I wou'd—but—now, Sir; pray—devil take me—I cannot—I must——

[*Breaks away.*

Bal. Nay, I'll follow you.

[*Exit.*

Rose. And I too.

S C E N E, *The Walks by the Severn-side.*

Enter MELINDA and her maid LUCY.

Mel. And, pray, was it a ring, or buckle, or pendants, or knots? or in what shape was the almighty gold transform'd, that has brib'd you so much in his favour?

Lucy. Indeed, Madam, the last bribe I had from the Captain, was only a small piece of Flanders edging for pinners.

Mel. Ay, Flanders lace is as constant a present from officers to their women, as something else is from their women to them. They every year bring over a cargo of lace, to cheat the Queen of her duty, and her subjects of their honesty.

Lucy. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs Pert, that you talk so like a trader?

Lucy. Madam, you talk as peevishly to me, as if it were my fault; the crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuse it: tho' he shou'd not see you this week, can I help it? But as I was saying, Madam—his friend, Captain Plume, has so taken him up these two days—

Mel. Psha! would his friend, the Captain, were ty'd upon his back; I warrant, he has never been sober since that confounded captain came to town: the devil take all officers, I say—they do the nation more harm by

debauching us at home, than they do good by defending us abroad: no sooner a captain comes to town, but all the young fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a man to ourselves.

Lucy. One wou'd imagine, Madam, by your concern for Worthy's absence, that you shou'd use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing said to me these two days: one may like the love and despise the lover, I hope; as one may love the treason, and hate the traitor. O! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but, indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Lucy. If he shou'd speak of the assignation, I shou'd be ruin'd. [*Aside.*

Enter BRAZEN.

Braz. True to the touch, 'faith! [*Aside.*] Madam, I am your humble servant; and all that, Madam. A fine river this same Severn—Do you love fishing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy amusement for lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently: for you must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in Flanders against the French, in Hungary against the Turks, and in Tangier against the Moors, and I was never so much in love before; and split me, Madam, in all the campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your Ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I never had so fine a compliment; but you soldiers are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam—but there are brutes among us too, very sad brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable—I have had very considerable offers, Madam—I might have marry'd a German princess, worth fifty thousand crowns a-year, but her stove disgusted me. The daughter of a Turkish bashaw fell in love with me too, when I was a prisoner among the infidels; she offer'd to rob her father of his treasure, and make her escape with me; but

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I don't know how, my time was not come; hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny: Fate has reserv'd me for a Shropshire lady worth twenty thousand pound—do you know any such person, Madam?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb! [*Aside.*]—To be sure, a great many ladies of that fortune wou'd be proud of the name of Mrs Brazen.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of Brazen.

Enter WORTHY.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentleman?—come, Captain, we'll walk this way, give me your hand.

Braz. My hand, heart's blood, and guts at your service—Mr Worthy, your servant, my dear.

[*Exit, leading* Melinda.]

Wor. Death and fire! this is not to be borne.

Enter PLUME.

Plu. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Plu. The March beer at the Raven; I have been doubly serving the Queen—raising men, and raising the excise—recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise.

Wor. You a'n't drunk?

Plu. No, no, whimsical only; I cou'd be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolic.

Plu. As fit as close pinders for a punk in the pit.

Wor. There's your play then, recover me that vessel from that Tangerine.

Plu. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain Brazen, that I told you of to-day; she is call'd the *Melinda*, a first rate, I can assure you; she sheer'd off with him just now, on purpose to affront me; but, according to your advice, I wou'd take no notice, because I wou'd seem to be above concern for her behaviour; but have a care of a quarrel.

Plu. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my cups, but an oysterwench, or a cookmaid; and if they

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ben't civil, I knock 'em down. But hark'e, my friend, I'll make love, and I must make love. I tell you what, I'll make love like a platoon.

Wor. Platoon, how's that?

Plu. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, faith; most ladies are gain'd by platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [*Exit.*]

Plu. Soh! now must I look as sober and as demure as a whore at a christ'ning.

Enter BRAZEN and MELINDA.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A brother officer of yours, I suppose, Sir.

Braz. Ay!—my dear. [*To Plume.*]

Plu. My dear. [*Run and embrace.*]

Braz. My dear boy, how is't? Your name, my dear? If I be not mistaken, I have seen your face.

Plu. I never saw yours in my life, my dear—but there's a face well known, as the sun's, that shines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any pretensions, Sir?

Plu. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever serv'd abroad?

Plu. I have serv'd at home, Sir, for ages serv'd this cruel fair,—and that will serve the turn, Sir.

Mel. So, between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands—I see Worthy yonder—I cou'd be content to be friends with him, wou'd he come this way. [*Aside.*]

Braz. Will you fight for the lady, Sir?

Plu. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

Thou peerless princess of Salopian plains,

Envy'd by nymphs, and worshipp'd by the swains.

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

Plu. Pr'ythee be quiet—I shall be out—

Behold, how humbly does the Severn giide,

To greet thee, princess of the Severn side.

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam—if he were not so well dress'd, I shou'd take him for a poet—but I'll shew you the difference presently—Come, Madam,—we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her.

Mel. shrieking.]

Enter WORTHY.

Oh! Mr Worthy, save me from these madmen.

[Exit with Worthy.

Plu. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, Sir? and fight the bold ravisher?

Braz. No, Sir, you are my man.

Plu. I don't like the wages, I won't be your man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my sword.

Plu. No! pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my enemies thousands of lives in Flanders.

Plu. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter SYLVIA *in man's apparel.*

Syl. Save ye, save ye, gentlemen.

Braz. My dear! I'm yours:

Plu. Do you know the gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently—Your name, my dear?

Syl. Wilful; Jack Wilful, at your service.

Braz. What, the Kentish Wilful's, or those of Staffordshire.

Syl. Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe, and I'm head of the family at present.

Plu. Do you live in this country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I stand; I have neither home, house, nor habitation, beyond this spot of ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl. A rake.

Plu. In the army, I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately—Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids the fairest has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a corporal this minute.

Plu. Corporal! I'll make you my companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plu. You shall ly with me, you young rogue. *[Kisses.*

Braz. You shall receive your pay, and do no duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a field officer.

Plu. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir?

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Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your business is done—I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse; there is one Plume, that I hear much commended in town. Pray which of you is Captain Plume?

Plu. I am Captain Plume.

Braz. No, no, I am Captain Plume.

Syl. Heyday!

Plu. Captain Plume! I'm your servant, my dear.

Braz. Captain Brazen! I am yours—the fellow dares not fight. *[Aside.]*

Enter KITE.

Kite. Sir, if you please— *[Goes to whisper Plume.]*

Plu. No, no, there's your captain. Captain Plume, your serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible sot.—Here, my Hector of Holborn, here's forty shillings for you.

Plu. I forbid the banns—look'e, Friend, you shall list with Captain Brazen.

Syl. I will see Captain Brazen hang'd first; I will list with Captain Plume, I am a free-born Englishman, and will be a slave my own way—Look'e, Sir, will you stand by me? *[To Brazen.]*

Braz. I warrant you, my lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain Brazen, *[To Plume.]* that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Syl. A very sad dog. Give me the money, noble Captain Plume.

Plu. Then you won't list with Captain Brazen!

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, child, I'll end the dispute presently.—Hark'e, my dear. *[Takes Plume to one side of the stage, and entertains him in dumb show.]*

Kite. Sir, he in the plain coat is Captain Plume, I am his serjeant, and will take my oath on't.

Syl. What! are you Serjeant Kite.

Kite. At your service.

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a farthing!

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Kite. A very understanding youth of his age! Pray, Sir, let me look full in your face.

Syl. Well, Sir, what have you to say to my face?

Kite. The very image of my brother; two bullets of the same caliver were never so like: sure it must be Charles, Charles——

Syl. What d'ye mean by Charles?

Kite. The voice too, only a little variation in *essa ut flat*: my dear brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword, I bespeak you for a comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the captain's comrade, if any body's:

Kite. Ambition there again! 'tis a noble passion for a soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious halbert. Ambition! I see a commission in his face already: pray, noble Captain, give me leave to salute you. [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Syl. What, men kiss one another!

Kite. We officers do; 'tis our way; we live together like man and wife, always either kissing or fighting:—but I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My captain scorns assistance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your sword! but you are a young fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that, but pr'ythee resign the man, pr'ythee do; you are a very honest fellow.

Plu. You lie; and you are a son of a whore.

[*Draws, and makes up to Brazen.*]

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the lady?

[*Retiring.*]

Plu. I always do—but for a man I'll fight knee-deep; so you lie again.

[*Plume and Brazen fight a traverse or two about the stage; Sylvia draws, who is held by Kite, who sounds to arms with his mouth; takes Sylvia in his arms, and carries her off the stage.*]

Braz. Hold, where's the man?

Plu. Gone.

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Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*] Now, let's embrace, my dear.

Plu. With all my heart, my dear. [*Putting up*] I suppose Kite has lifted him by this time. [*Embraces.*

[*Kite looks in and sings.*

Braz. You are a brave fellow, I always fight with a man before I make him my friend; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards.— And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend; that lady we frightened out of the walk just now, I found in bed this morning—so beautiful, so inviting—I presently lock'd the door—but I am a man of honour—but I believe I shall marry her nevertheless—her twenty thousand pound, you know, will be a pretty conveniency—I had an assignation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my sport. Curse you, my dear, but don't do so agen—

Plu. No, no, my dear, men are my business at present. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Walk continues.

Enter ROSE and BULLOCK meeting.

ROSE.

WHERE have you been, you great booby? you are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bul. Preferment! who shou'd prefer me?

Rose. I wou'd prefer you; who shou'd prefer a man but a woman? Come, throw away that great club, hold up your head, cock your hat, and look big.

Bul. Ah, Ruose, Ruose! I fear somebody will look big sooner than folk think of: this genteel breeding never comes into the country without a train of followers.—Here has been Cartwheel your sweetheart; what will become of him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great woman, and will provide for my relations:—I told the Captain how finely he play'd upon the tabor and pipe, so he has set him down for Drum-major.

Bul. Nay, sister, why did you not keep that place for

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me ? you know I have always lov'd to be a-drumming, if it were but on a table, or on a quart-pot.

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. Had I but a commission in my pocket, I fancy my breeches wou'd become me as well as any ranting fellow of 'em all ; for I take a bold step, a rakish tofs, a smart cock, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain—What's here ? Rose ! my nurse's daughter !—I'll go and practise.—Come, child, kifs me at once, [*Kisses Rose.*]—and her brother too !—Well, honest Dungfork, do you know the difference between a horse and a cart, and a cart-horse, eh ?

Bul. I presume that your Worship is a captain, by your cloaths and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, wou'd you be contented to list, friend ?

Rose. No, no, tho' your Worship be a handsome man, there be others as fine as you ; my brother is engag'd to Captain Plume.

Syl. Plume ! do you know Captain Plume ?

Rose. Yes I do, and he knows me—he took the ribbands out of his shirt-sleeves, and put 'em into my shoes—see there.—I can assure you, that I can do any thing with the Captain.

Bul. That is; in a modest way, Sir.—Have a care what you say, Ruose ; don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So !—And pray, what do you expect from this Captain, child ?

Rose. I expect, Sir !—I expect—but he order'd me to tell nobody.—But suppose that he should promise to marry me ?

Syl. You shou'd have a care, my dear, men will promise any thing before hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bul. Wauns, Ruose ! what have you said ?

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Syl. Afterwards! after what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens.—I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter PLUME.

Plu. What, Mr Wilful, so close with my market woman?

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, Sir, ay, and closer yet, Sir.—Come, my pretty maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plu. No, no, friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her; so I have as good a right as you have.

Plu. Thou art a bloody impudent fellow.

Syl. Sir, I wou'd qualify myself for the service.

Plu. Hast thou really a mind to the service?

Syl. Yes, Sir: so let her go.

Rose. Pray, gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plu. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice.—Will you belong to me, or to that gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plu. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bul. Dunna be angry, Sir, that my sister shou'd be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, child!—I'll set thee above scandal; you shall have a coach, with six before and six behind; an equipage to make vice fashionable, and put virtue out of countenance.

Plu. Pho! that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, child, I'll buy you a furbeloe-scarf, and give you a ticket to see a play.

Bul. A play! Wauris, Ruose, take the ticket, and let's see the show.

Syl. Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain Brazen this minute.

Plu. Will you list with me if I give up my title?

Syl. I will.

Plu. Take her: I'll change a woman for a man at any time.

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Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you captains used to sell your men.

Bul. Pray, Captain, do not send Ruose to the Western Indies.

Plu. Ha, ha, ha, West-Indies! No, no, my honest lad, give me thy hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do—this gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs Rose.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain wou'd?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you; my circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Plu. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be—What wou'd you be?

Bul. O, Sir! if you had not promis'd the place of drum-major——

Plu. Ay, that is promis'd.—But what think you of barrack-master? you are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be.—But what's become of this same Cartwheel you told me of, my dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him.—Come, brother barrack-master—We shall find you at home, noble Captain?

[*Exeunt Rose and Bullock.*]

Plu. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain Plume, I despise your lissing money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for love—of that wench, I mean—for you must know, that among my other fallies, I have spent the best part of my fortune in search of a maid, and could never find one hitherto; so you may be assur'd I'd not sell my freedom under a less purchase than I did my estate—so, before I list, I must be certify'd that this girl is a virgin.

Plu. Mr Wilful, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that point till you try; but upon my honour she may be a vestal for ought that I know to the contrary.—I gain'd her heart indeed by some trifling presents and promises, and knowing that the best secu-

rity for a woman's heart is her person, I wou'd have made myself master of that too, had not the jealousy of my impertinent landlady interpos'd.

Syl. So you only want an opportunity for accomplishing your designs upon her.

Plu. Not at all ; I have already gain'd my ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her followers. The women, you know, are the loadstones every where ; gain the wives, and you are caress'd by the husbands ; please the mistress, and you're valued by the gallants ; secure an interest with the finest women at court, and you procure the favour of the greatest men—so kiss the prettiest country wenches, and you are sure of listing the lustiest fellows. Some people may call this artifice, but I term it stratagem, since it is so main a part of the service ; besides, the fatigue of recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we could make ourselves some pleasure amidst the pain, no mortal man wou'd be able to bear it.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am satisfied as to the point in debate ; but now let me beg you to lay aside your recruiting airs, put on the man of honour, and tell me plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your command.

Plu. You must know, in the first place, then, that I hate to have gentlemen in my company ; for they are always troublesome and expensive, sometimes dangerous ; and 'tis a constant maxim amongst us, that those who know the least, obey the best. Notwithstanding all this, I find something so agreeable about you, that engages me to court your company, and I can't tell how it is, but I shou'd be uneasy to see you under the command of any body else—your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour : only this you must expect, that if you commit a small fault, I will excuse it ; if a great one, I'll discharge you ; for something tells me, I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest punishment you can inflict ; for were we this moment to go upon the greatest dangers in your profession, they wou'd be less terrible to me than to stay behind you.—And now your hand, this lists me—and now you are my captain.

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Plu. Your friend. [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath! there's something in this fellow that charms me.

Syl. One favour I must beg—this affair will make some noise, and I have some friends that wou'd censure my conduct, if I threw myself into the circumstance of a private centinel of my own head—I must therefore take care to be impress'd by the act of parliament; you shall leave that to me.

Plu. What you please as to that—will you lodge at my quarters in the mean time? you shall have part of my bed.

Syl. O fy, ly with a common soldier! wou'd not you rather ly with a common woman?

Plu. No, faith, I'm not that rake that the world imagines; I have got an air of freedom, which people mistake for lewdness in me, as they mistake formality in others for religion—the world is all a cheat; only I take mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs, which is hypocritical. I hurt no body but myself, and they abuse all mankind—will you ly with me?

Syl. No, no, Captain, you forget Rose; she's to be my bedfellow, you know.

Plu. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confident: we are so weak, that we can do nothing without assistance, and then a secret racks us worse than the cholic.—I am at this minute so sick of a secret, that I'm ready to faint away: help me, Lucy.

Lucy. Bless me, Madam! what's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover—if Sylvia were in town, I could heartily forgive her faults for the ease of discovering my own.

Lucy. You're thoughtful, Madam; am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. You are a servant, and a secret may make you faucy.

Lucy. Not unless you shou'd find fault without a cause, Madam.

Mel. Cause or not cause, I must not lose the pleasure of chiding when I please; women must discharge their vapours somewhere, and before we get husbands our servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Lucy. Then, Madam, you had better raise me to a degree above a servant: you know my family, and that five hundred pound wou'd set me upon the foot of a gentlewoman, and make me worthy the confidence of any lady in the land; besides, Madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great design I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your design can be of any great advantage to you: 'twill please me, indeed, in the humour I have of being reveng'd on the fool for his vanity of making love to me, so I don't care much if I do promise you five hundred pound upon my day of marriage.

Lucy. This is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the vocation of a confidant, which I think is generally to bring people together.

Mel. O Lucy! I can hold my secret no longer: you must know, that hearing of the famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguis'd, to satisfy a curiosity, which has cost me dear: that fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom favourites; he has told me the most surprising things of my past life——

Lucy. Things past, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprising, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprising that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprising; he said I shou'd die a maid!

Lucy. Die a maid! come into the world for nothing!—dear Madam, if you shou'd believe him, it might come to pass: for the bare thought on't might kill one in four and twenty hours.—And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why, I pass'd for you.

Lucy. So 'tis I that am to die a maid—but the devil was a liar from the beginning, he can't make me die a maid—I have put it out of his power already. [*Aside.*]

Mel. I do but jest; I wou'd have pass'd for you, and call'd myself Lucy; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole history

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of my life—he told me of a lover I had in this country, and describ'd Worthy exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference. —I fled to him for refuge here to-day; he never so much as encourag'd me in my fright, but coldly told me, that he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careless bow, and walk'd off. 'Sdeath! I cou'd have stabb'd him, or myself, 'twas the same thing:—Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Lucy. Don't exasperate him, consider what the fortune-teller told you: men are scarce, and, as times go, it is not impossible for a woman to die a maid.

Enter WORTHY.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she is warm'd; I must strike while the iron is hot—you have a great deal of courage, Madam, to venture into the walks where you were so lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a great quantity of impudence, to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam: I left you here, because I had business in another place, and came hither thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the walk.

Wor. The walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his hat cock'd, she fretting and tearing her fan.*] Will you please to take snuff, Madam? [*He offers her his box, she strikes it out of his hand; while he is gathering it up, Brazen takes her round the waist, she cuffs him.*]

Enter BRAZEN.

Bra. What, here before me, my dear?

Mel. What means this insolence?

Lucy. Are you mad! don't you see Mr Worthy?

[*To Brazen.*]

Bra. No, no, I'm struck blind—Worthy! odso! well turn'd—my mistress has wit at her fingers ends—Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way abroad—Mr Worthy, you are the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestow'd upon you.

Mel. I am sorry the favour miscarry'd, for it was design'd for you, Mr Worthy; and be assur'd 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at my hands.—

Captain, I ask your pardon— [Exit with Lucy.

Bra. I grant it.— You see, Mr Worthy, 'twas only a random shot, it might have taken off your head as well as mine; courage, my dear, 'tis the fortune of war. But the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons, Sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Bra. I'll shew you.

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and Plume's advice has ruin'd me: 'sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty spirit, be rul'd by a man that's a stranger to her pride?

Enter PLUME.

Plu. Ha, ha, ha! a battle royal: don't frown so, man, she's your own, I tell you: I saw the fury of her love in the extremity of her passion: the wildness of her anger is a certain sign that she loves you to madness. That rogue Kite began the battle with abundance of conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my life on't; he plays his part admirably, she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the meaning of Brazen's familiarity with her?

Plu. You are no logician, if you pretend to draw consequences from the actions of fools: there's no arguing by the rule of reason upon a science without principles, and such is their conduct—whim, unaccountable whim, hurries 'em on like a man drunk with brandy before ten a-clock in the morning.—But we lose our sport—Kite has open'd above an hour ago, let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *A Chamber; a table with books and globes.*

'KITE disguis'd in a strange habit, sitting at a table.

Kite. [Rising.] By the position of the heavens, gain'd from my observation upon these celestial globes, I find

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that Luna was a tyde-waiter, Sol a surveyor, Mercury a thief, Venus a whore, Saturn an alderman, Jupiter a rake, and Mars a serjeant of grenadiers; and this is the system of Kite the conjurer.

Enter PLUME and WORTHY.

Plu. Well, what success?

Kite. I have sent away a Shoemaker and a Taylor already: one's to be a captain of marines, and the other a major of dragoons—I am to manage them at night—Have you seen the lady, Mr Worthy?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do.—Have you shew'd her her name, that I tore off from the bottom of the letter?

Kite. No, Sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

Plu. What letter?

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you see, for fear that you shou'd break windows in good earnest. Here, Captain, put it into your pocket-book, and have it ready upon occasion.

[Knocking at the door.]

Kite. Officers, to your posts. Tycho, mind the door.

[Exeunt Plu. and Wor. Servant opens the door.]

Enter a SMITH.

Smith. Well, master, are you the cunning man?

Kite. I am the learned Copernicus.

Smith. Well, master, I'm but a poor man, and I can't afford above a shilling for my fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, Doctor, let me have something that's good for my shilling, or I'll have my money again.

Kite. If there be faith in the stars, you shall have your shilling forty-fold.—Your hand, countryman, you're by trade a smith.

Smith. How the devil shou'd you know that?

Kite. Because the devil and you are brother tradesmen—you were born under Forceps.

Smith. Forceps! what's that?

Kite. One of the signs: there's Leo, Sagittarius, Forceps, Furnes, Dixmude, Namur, Brussels, Charleroy, and so forth—twelve of 'em,—Let me see—did you ever make any bombs or cannon-bullets?

Smith. Not I.

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Kite. You either have or will.—The stars have decreed, that you shall be—I must have more money, Sir—your fortune's great.

Smith. Faith, Doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O Sir, I'll trust you, and take it out of your arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what arrears?

Kite. The five hundred pound that's owing to you from the government.

Smith. Owing me!

Kite. Owing you, Sir—let me see your t'other hand—I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you: and the rogue of an agent will demand fifty *per cent.* for a fortnight's advance.

Smith. I'm in the clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the stars.—In two years, three months, and two hours, you will be made captain of the forges to the grand train of artillery, and will have ten shillings a-day and two servants—'tis the decree of the stars, and of the fix'd stars, that are as immoveable as your anvil.—Strike, Sir, while the iron is hot—Ay, Sir, be gone.

Smith. What! what wou'd you have me do, Doctor? I wish the stars wou'd put me in a way for this fine place.

Kite. The stars do—Let me see—ay, about an hour hence walk carelessly into the market-place, and you'll see a tall, slender gentleman, buying a pennyworth of apples, with a cane hanging upon his button—this gentleman will ask you what's a clock—he's your man, and the maker of your fortune—follow him, follow him—And now, go home, and take leave of your wife and children: an hour hence exactly is your time.

Smith. A tall slender gentleman, you say, with a cane! Pray, what sort of a head has the cane?

Kite. An amber head with a black ribband.

Smi. And pray, of what employment is the gentleman?

Kite. Let me see, he's either a collector of the excise, or a plenipotentiary, or a captain of grenadiers—I can't tell exactly which—but he'll call you honest—your name is—

Smith. Thomas,

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Kite. He'll call you honest Tom.

Smith. But how the devil shou'd he know my name?

Kite. O there are several sorts of Toms—Tom of Lincoln, Tom Tit, Tom Telltruth, Tom o' Bedlam, and Tom Fool—Be gone—An hour hence precisely.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Smith. You say, he'll ask me what's o'clock.

Kite. Most certainly—and you'll answer you don't know—and be sure you look at St Mary's dial; for the sun won't shine, and if it shou'd, 'you won't be able to tell the figures.

Smith. I will, I will.

Plu. Well done, conjurer, go on and prosper. [*Behind.*]

Enter a BUTCHER.

Kite. What, my old friend Pluck the butcher!—I offer'd the surly bull-dog five guineas this morning, and he refus'd it. [*Aside.*]

But. So, Mr Conjurer, here's half a crown—and now you must understand——

Kite. Hold, friend, I know your business before hand—

But. You're devilish cunning then, for I don't well know it myself.

Kite. I know more than you, friend.—You have a foolish saying, that such a one knows no more than the man in the moon: I tell you, the man in the moon knows more than all the men under the sun: don't the moon see all the world?

But. All the world see the moon, I must confess.

Kite. Then she must see all the world, that's certain—Give me your hand—You're by trade either a butcher or a surgeon.

But. True, I am a butcher.

Kite. And a surgeon you will be, the employments differ only in the name.—He that can cut up an ox, may dissect a man; and the same dexterity that cracks a marrow-bone, will cut off a leg or an arm.

But. What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite. Patience, patience, Mr Surgeon-general; the stars are great bodies, and move slowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by surgeon-general, Doctor?

Kite. Nay, Sir, if your Worship won't have patience, I must beg the favour of your Worship's absence.

But. My worship! my worship! but why my worship?

Kite. Nay then, I have done.

But. Pray, Doctor——

Kite. Fire and fury, Sir! [*Rises in a passion.*] Do you think the stars will be hurry'd? do the stars owe you any money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordships at this rate?—Sir, I'm porter to the stars, and I am order'd to let no dun come near their doors.

But. Dear Doctor, I never had any dealing with the stars, they don't owe me a penny——but since you are their porter, please to accept of this half-crown to drink their healths, and don't be angry.

Kite. Let me see your hand then once more.—Here has been gold—five guineas, my friend, in this very hand this morning.

But. Nay, then he is the devil.——Pray, Doctor, were you born of a woman? or, did you come into the world of your head?

Kite. That's a secret—this gold was offer'd you by a proper handsome man, call'd Hawk, or Buzzard, or——

~~*But Kite you mean.*~~

Kite. Ay, ay, Kite.

But. As arrant a rogue as ever carried a halbert. The impudent rascal wou'd have decoy'd me for a soldier.

Kite. A soldier! a man of your substance for a soldier! your mother has a hundred pound in hard money, lying at this minute in the hands of a mercer, not forty yards from this place.

But. Oons, and so she has! but very few know so much.

Kite. I know it; and that rogue, what's his name? Kite, knew it, and offer'd you five guineas to list, because he knew your poor mother wou'd give the hundred for your discharge.

But. There's a dog now.——'Sflesh, Doctor, I'll give you t'other half-crown, and tell me that this same Kite will be hang'd.

Kite. He's in as much danger as any man in the county of Salop.

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But. There's your fee.——But you have forgot the surgeon-general all this while.

Kite. You put the stars in a passion. [*Looks on his books.*] But now they are pacified agen.——Let me see, did you never cut off a man's leg?

But. No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I say, no.

Kite. That's strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful changes have I seen.——The second, or third, ay, the third campaign that you make in Flanders, the leg of a great officer will be shatter'd by a great shot, you will be there accidentally, and with your cleaver chop off the limb at a blow! in short, the operation will be perform'd with so much dexterity, that with general applause you will be made surgeon-general of the whole army.

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a limb, I'll do't, I'll do't with any surgeon in Europe; but I have no thoughts of making a campaign.

Kite. You have no thoughts! what's matter for your thoughts? the stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But. The stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the justices can't prefs me.

Kite. Nay, friend, 'tis none of my business, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more 'an hour and half hence, that's all, farewell.

But. Hold, hold, Doctor. Surgeon-general! what is the place worth, pray?

Kite. Five hundred pounds a-year, besides guineas for claps.

But. Five hundred pounds a-year!—an hour and a half hence, you say.

Kite. Pr'ythee, friend, be quiet, don't be troublesome, here's such a work to make a booby butcher accept of five hundred pound a-year—but if you must hear it—I'll tell you in short, you'll be standing in your stall an hour and an half hence, and a gentleman will come by with a snuff-box in his hand, and the tip of his handkerchief hanging out of his right pocket; he'll ask you the price of a loin of veal, and at the same time

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stroak your great dog upon the head, and call him Chopper.

But. Mercy on us! Chopper is the dog's name.

Kite. Look'e there—what I say is true—things that are to come, must come to pass—get you home, sell off your stock, don't mind the whining and the sniveling of your mother and your sister—women always hinder preferment—make what money you can, and follow that gentleman, his name begins with a P,—mind that —there will be the barber's daughter too, that you promis'd marriage to—she will be pulling and halling you to pieces.

But. What! know Sally too? he's the devil, and he must needs go that the devil drives. [*Going.*] The tip of his handkerchief out of his left pocket?

Kite. No, no, his right pocket; if it be the left, 'tis none of the man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him. [*Exit.*]

Plu. The right pocket, you say.

[*Behind with his pocketbook.*]

Kite. I hear the rustling of silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, Sir, 'tis Madam Melinda.

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Kite. Tycho, chairs for the ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself; we sha'n't stay, Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a husband—for your part, Madam, you won't stay for a husband. [*To Lucy.*]

Lucy. Pray, Doctor, do you converse with the stars, or with the devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the destinies of men in search, I consult the stars; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with t'other friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the devil upon my account.

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the table.

Lucy. Oh Heavens protect us! dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

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Mel. Don't fear, fool; do you think, Sir, that because I am a woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my reason, or frighted out of my senses? Come, shew me this devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present; but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your name in his pocketbook.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! pray, what have you or he to do with my name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady—the devil is a very modest person, he seeks no body, unless they seek him first; he's chain'd up like a mastiff, and can't stir, unless he be let loose—you come to me to have your fortune told—do you think, Madam, that I can answer you of my own head? no, Madam, the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing less than the devil can give any account of 'em. Now to convince you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill—here, you *Cacademo del Plumo*—exert your power, draw me this lady's name, the word Melinda, in proper letters and characters of her own handwriting—do it at three motions—one—two—three—'tis done—now, Madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Lucy. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My name in my own handwriting! that wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the table, lifts up the carpet.*] Here, Tre, Tre, poor Tre, give me the bone, Sirrah. There's your name upon that square piece of paper, behold—

Mel. 'Tis wonderful! my very letters to a tittle.

Lucy. 'Tis like your hand, Madam, but not so like your hand neither: and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all.

Kite. Here's a chambermaid now will outlie the devil!

Lucy. Look'e, Madam, they sha'n't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands, no more than they can their faces—Come, Madam, let us be certain, write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare 'em.

[*Takes out a paper, and folds it.*]

Kite. Any thing for your satisfaction, Madam—here's pen and ink. [*Melinda writes, Lucy holds the paper.*]

Lucy. Let me see it, Madam; 'tis the same—the very same.—But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs. [*Aside.*]

Mel. This is demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so, Madam—the word demonstration comes from *Dæmon* the father of lies.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I am convinc'd; and now, pray, what account can you give of my future fortune?

Kite. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe, your fortune will be fix'd for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! so near the crisis of my fate!

Kite. Let me see—about the hour of ten to-morrow morning you will be saluted by a gentleman who will come to take his leave of you, being design'd for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other—in short, if the gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he come home.

Mel. What sort of man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, Doctor?

Kite. Because, Madam—because it is so—a woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten a'clock, you say?

Kite. Ten—about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here, Doctor. [*Gives money.*] Lucy, have you any questions to ask?

Lucy. Oh, Madam! a thousand.

Kite. I must beg your patience till another time; for I expect more company this minute; besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the table.

Lucy. O pray, Sir, discharge us first!

Kite. Tycho, wait on the ladies down stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter WORTHY and PLUME.

Kite. Mr Worthy, you were pleas'd to wish me joy

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to-day ; I hope to be able to return the compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best compliment to you that ever I made in my life, if you do ; but I must be a traveller, you say ?

Kite. No farther than the chops of the channel, I presume, Sir.

Plu. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Heyday ! you don't profess midwifery, Doctor ?

Kite. Away to your ambuscade. [*Ex. Plu. and Wor.*]

Enter BRAZEN.

Braz. Your servant, servant, my dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my dear ?

Kite. Yes, my dear : but mine is a peaceable spirit, and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself ; [*Draws a circle round him.*] And now, Captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Braz. Lines ! what dost talk of lines ? you have something like a fishingrod there, indeed ; but I come to be acquainted with you, man,—what's your name, my dear ?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum ! rat me, I knew a famous doctor in London of your name—where were you born ?

Kite. I was born in Algebra.

Braz. Algebra ! 'tis no county in Christendom, I'm sure, unless it be some place in the Highlands of Scotland.

Kite. Right—I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my dear : I am going to be marry'd—I have had two letters from a lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, cholic, spleen, and vapours—shall I marry her in four-and-twenty hours, ay, or no ?

Kite. Certainly.

Braz. I shall !

Kite. Certainly : ay, or no. But I must have the year and the day of the month when these letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old bitch, did you ever hear of love-letters dated with the year and day of the month ? do you think billet-doux are like bank-bills ?

Kite. They are not so good, my dear—but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Braz. Contents! that you shall, old boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please. [*Takes the letter.*] Now, Sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter inclos'd to you with the determination of the stars upon it to your lodgings.

Braz. With all my heart—I must give him [*Puts his hands in his pockets.*] Algebra! I fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity—Here :—[*Gives him money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a watch-tower on the top of the highest mountain in Wales for the study of astrology, and the benefit of the Conundrums. [*Exit.*

Enter PLUME and WORTHY.

Wor. O Doctor! that letter's worth a million; let me see it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plu. Pho! let me see it; [*Opening the letter.*] If she be a jilt—Damn her, she is one—there's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! then I'll travel in good earnest—by all my hopes, 'tis Lucy's hand.

Plu. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly—'tis no more like Melinda's character than black is to white.

Plu. Then 'tis certainly Lucy's contrivance to draw in Brazen for a husband—but are you sure 'tis not Melinda's hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of paper I gave you just now that the devil writ Melinda upon?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plu. 'Tis plain they're not the same; and is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter, which made Mr Ballance send his daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same, the other fragments I shew'd you just now. I once intended it for another use, but I think I have turn'd it now to a better advantage.

Plu. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresy of! believing that angelic creature cou'd change: poor Sylvia!

Wor. Rich Sylvia you mean, and poor Captain; ha, ha, ha!—Come, come, friend, Melinda is true, and shall be mine; Sylvia is constant, and may be yours.

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Plu. No, she's above my hopes—but for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

By some the sex is blam'd without design,
Light harmless censure, such as yours and mine,
Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine.
Others the justice of the sex condemn,
And wanting merit to create esteem,
Wou'd hide their own defects by cens'ring them.
But they, secure in their all-conqu'ring charms,
Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms;
He magnifies their conquests who complains,
For none wou'd struggle were they not in chains.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Justice Ballance's House.

Enter BALLANCE and SCALE.

SCALE.

I Say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr Ballance.

Bal. Look'e, Mr Scale, for my own part, I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army; they expose their lives to so many dangers for us abroad, that we may give them some grains of allowance at home.

Sca. Allowance! this poor girl's father is my tenant; and, if I mistake not, her mother nurs'd a child for you—shall they debauch our daughters to our faces?

Bal. Consider, Mr Scale, that were it not for the bravery of these officers, we should have French dragoons among us, that wou'd leave us neither liberty, property, wives nor daughters.—Come, Mr Scale, the gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so; the same heat that stirs them up to love, spurs them on to battle. You never knew a great general in your life, that did not love a whore. This I only speak in reference to Captain Plume—for the other spark I know nothing of.

Sca. Nor can I hear of any body that does—Oh, here they come.

Enter SYLVIA, BULLOCK, ROSE, prisoners; CONSTABLE and Mob.

Con. May it please your Worships, we took them in the very act, *re infesta*, Sir.—The gentleman, indeed, behaved himself like a gentleman; for he drew his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Bal. Give the gentleman his sword again—wait you without. [*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*] I'm sorry, Sir, [*To Sylvia.*] to know a gentleman upon such terms, that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your warrant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour—my innocence is upon an equal foot with your authority.

Sca. Innocence! have not you seduc'd that young maid?

Syl. No, Mr Goosecap, she seduc'd me.

Bul. So she did, I'll swear—for she propos'd marriage first.

Bal. What, then you are marry'd, child! [*To Rose.*

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my sorrow.

Bal. Who was witness?

Bul. That was I—I danc'd, threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bedside, I'm sure.

Bal. Who was the minister?

Bul. Ministers! we are soldiers, and want no minister—they were marry'd by the articles of war.

Bal. Hold thy prattling, fool.—Your appearance, Sir, promises some understanding; pray what does this fellow mean?

Syl. He means marriage, I think—but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony; some make it a sacrament, others a convenience, and others make it a jest; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred—our sword, you know, is our honour, that we lay down—the hero jumps over it first, and the amazon after—leap rogue, follow whore—the drum beats a ruff, and so to bed; that's all; the ceremony is concise.

Bul. And the prettiest ceremony, so full of pastime and prodigality—

Bal. What! are you a soldier?

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Bal. Ay, that I am——will your Worship lend me your cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise?

Bal. Take it, [*Strikes him over the head.*] Pray, Sir, what commission may you bear? [*To Sylvia.*]

Syl. I am call'd Captain, Sir, by all the coffee-men, drawers, whores, and groom-porters in London; for I wear a red coat, a sword, a hat *bien trouffée*, a martial twist in my cravat, a fierce knot in my periwig, a cane upon my button, piquet in my head, and dice in my pocket.

Sca. Your name, pray, Sir?

Syl. Captain Pinch: I cock my hat with a pinch, I take snuff with a pinch, pay my whores with a pinch; in short, I can do any thing at a pinch, but fight and fill my belly.

Bal. And pray, Sir, what brought you into Shropshire?

Syl. A pinch, Sir; I knew you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money, and so——

Bal. I understand you, Sir—Here, Constable——

Enter CONSTABLE.

Take this gentleman into custody till farther orders.

Rose. Pray your Worship don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so.

Sca. Come, come, child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once! 'tis the first time they ever went together.

Bal. Hark'e, Constable.

[*Whispers him.*]

Con. It shall be done, Sir—come along, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Constable, Bullock and Sylvia.

Bal. Come, Mr Scale, we'll manage the spark presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Melinda's Apartment.

Enter MELINDA and WORTHY.

Mel. So far the prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly, [*aside.*] And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, Madam, there must be charms in variety, else neither you nor I shou'd be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr Worthy, I am not so fond of variety as to travel for't, nor do I think it prudence in you to run yourself into a certain expence and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasure, which at best never answers expectation ; as 'tis evident from the example of most travellers, that long more to return to their own country, than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What pleasures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain ; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a great while ; I fancy if we made up our accounts, we shou'd the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt.—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, assiduities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment.

Mel. A year ! oh Mr Worthy ! what you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven years servitude : how did you use me the year before ? when, taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you wou'd have made me your mistress, that is, your slave.—Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences ; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits ; remember those, those, Mr Worthy.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing—'tis your interest that I should forget : you have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you ; put that and that together, and let one balance the other.—Now if you will begin upon a new score, lay aside your adventuring airs, and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over ; here's my hand, I'll use you as a gentleman shou'd be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentlewoman shou'd be, may this be my poison. [*Kissing her hand.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, the coach is at the door.

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Mel. I am going to Mr Ballance's country-house to see my cousin Sylvia ; I have done her an injury, and can't be easy till I have ask'd her pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My coach is full ; but if you will be so gallant as to mount your own horses and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken ; and if you bring Captain Plume with you, we shan't have the worse reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. *[Exit, leading Melinda.]*

S C E N E, *The Market-place.*

Enter PLUME and KITE.

Plu. A Baker, a Taylor, a Smith, Butcher, Carpenters, and journeymen Shoemakers, in all thirty-nine.—I believe the first colony planted in Virginia had not more trades in their company than I have in mine.

Kite. The Butcher, Sir, will have his hands full ; for we have two sheep-stealers among us.—I hear of a fellow too committed just now for stealing of horses.

Plu. We'll dispose of him among the dragoons—have we never a poulterer among us ?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the king of the Gypsies is a very good one, he has an excellent hand at a goose or a turkey.

—Here's Captain Brazen, Sir ; I must go look after the men. *[Exit.]*

Enter BRAZEN, reading a letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the canonical hour—um, um, very well.—My dear Plume ! give me a buss.

Plu. Half a score, if you will, my dear : what hast got in thy hand, child ?

Braz. 'Tis a project for laying out a thousand pound.

Plu. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in ?

Braz. You can't imagine, my dear, that I want twenty thousand pound ; I have spent twenty times as much in the service.—Now, my dear, pray, advise me, my head runs much upon architecture ; shall I build a privateer or a playhouse ?

Plu. An odd question—a privateer, or a playhouse ! 'Twill require some consideration.—Faith, I'm for a privateer.

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Braz. I'm not of your opinion, my dear—for, in the first place, a privateer may be ill built.

Plu. And so may a playhouse.

Braz. But a privateer may be ill mann'd!

Plu. And so may a playhouse.

Braz. But a privateer may run upon the shallows.

Plu. Not so often as a playhouse.

Braz. But you know a privateer may spring a leak.

Plu. And I know a playhouse may spring a great many.

Braz. But suppose the privateer come home with a rich booty, we should never agree about our shares.

Plu. 'Tis just so in a play-house.—So, by my advice, you shall fix upon a privateer.

Braz. Agreed——But if this twenty thousand pound should not be in specie——

Plu. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Hark'e.

[*Whispers.*]

Plu. Marry'd!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a mile out of town at the water-side——and so forth——[*Reads.*]

“For fear I shou'd be known by any of Worthy's friends, you must give me leave to wear my mask till after the ceremony, which will make me for ever yours.”——Look'e there, my dear dog.

[*Shews the bottom of the letter to Plume.*]

Plu. Melinda! and, by this light, her own hand! Once more, if you please, my dear—Her hand exactly!——Just now, you say?

Braz. This minute, I must be gone.

Plu. Have a little patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a gentleman coming this way, that may be inquisitive; 'tis Worthy, do you know him?

Plu. By sight only.

Bra. Have a care, the very eyes discover secrets. [*Exit.*]

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. To boot and saddle, Captain; you must mount.

Plu. Whip and spur, Worthy, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall: Melinda and I are agreed; she's gone to visit Sylvia, we are to mount and follow; and

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cou'd we carry a parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plu. Don't trouble your head, Melinda has secur'd a parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plu. Yes, I saw it under her hand.—Brazen and she are to meet half a mile hence at the water-side, there to take boat, I suppose to be ferried over to the Elysian fields, if there be any such thing in matrimony.

Wor. I parted with Melinda just now; she assur'd me she hated Brazen, and that she resolv'd to discard Lucy for daring to write letters to him in her name.

Plu. Nay, nay, there's nothing of Lucy in this.—I tell ye, I saw Melinda's hand, as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell ye she's gone this minute to Justice Ballance's country-house.

Plu. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to the water-side.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Madam Melinda has sent word, that you need not trouble yourself to follow her, because her journey to Justice Ballance's is put off, and she's gone to take the air another way. [To Worthy.]

Wor. How! her journey put off!

Plu. That is, her journey was a put-off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, 'tis plain——But how, where, when is she to meet Brazen?

Plu. Just now, I tell you, half a mile hence, at the water-side.

Wor. Up or down the water?

Plu. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my horses are ready——Jack, get 'em out.

Plu. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an inch—I shall return presently. [Exit.]

Plu. You'll find me at the Hall; the Justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE, *A Court of Justice.*

BALLANCE, SCALE, and SCRUPLE upon the bench:
CONSTABLE, KITE, Mob.

[*Kite and Constable advance forward.*]

Kite. Pray, who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench?

Con. He in the middle is Justice Ballance, he on the right is Justice Scale, and he on the left is Justice Scruple, and I am Mr Constable; four very honest gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your most obedient servant: [*Saluting the Constable.*] I fancy, Sir, that your employment and mine are much the same; for my business is to keep people in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both staff-officers.

Con. Nay, I'm a serjeant myself—of the militia.—Come, brother, you shall see me exercise: suppose this a musket; now I am shoulder'd.

[*Puts his staff on's right shoulder.*]

Kite. Ay, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a constable's staff; but for a musket, you must put it on the other shoulder, my dear.

Con. Adso! that's true.—Come, now give the word of command.

Kite. Silence.

Con. Ay, ay, so we will—we will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you dog, silence!

[*Strikes him over his head with his halbert.*]

Con. That's the way to silence a man with a witness.—What d'ye mean, friend?

Kite. Only to exercise you, Sir.

Con. Your exercise differs so much from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it: if my own Captain had given me such a rap, I had taken the law of him.

Enter PLUME.

Bal. Captain, you're welcome.

Plu. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scru. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends, and sits upon the bench.*] Now produce your prisoners.—Here, that fellow there—set him up.—Mr Constable, what have you to say against this man?

Con. I have nothing to say against him, an please you.

Bal. No! what made you bring him hither?

Con. I don't know, an please your Worship.

Sca. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up?

Con. I can't tell, an please ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty constable truly!—I find we have no business here.

Kite. May it please the worshipful Bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being counsel for the Queen.

Bal. Come, Serjeant, you shall be heard, since nobody else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This man is but one man, the country may spare him, and the army wants him; besides, he's cut out by Nature for a grenadier; he's five foot ten inches high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the Cheshire round with any man in the country; he gets drunk every sabbath-day, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie, sirrah, you lie: an please your Worship, he's the best natur'd, pains-taking'st man in the parish, witness my five poor children.

Scru. A wife! and five children! you constable, you rogue, how durst you impress a man that has a wife and five children?

Sca. Discharge him, discharge him.

Bal. Hold, Gentlemen—hark'e, Friend, how do you maintain your wife and five children?

Plu. They live upon wild-fowl and venison, Sir; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five mile round.

Bal. A gun! nay, if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't.—He may be of use against the French, for he shoots flying to be sure.

Scru. But his wife and children, Mr Ballance!

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you wou'd send him away, you know I have a child every year, and you are afraid they should come upon the parish at last.

Plu. Look'e ther'e, Gentlemen, the honest woman has spoke it at once, the parish had better maintain five children this year, than six or seven the next: that fel-

low, upon this high feeding, may get you two or three beggars at a birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr Captain, the parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my teeming-time, if there be a man left in the parish.

Bal. Send that woman to the house of correction,—and the man——

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you please.

[Takes him down.

Sca. Here, you Constable, the next—set up that black-fac'd fellow, he has a gunpowder look; what can you say against this man, Constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest man.

Plu. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company, for the novelty's sake.

Bal. What are you, friend?

Mob. A collier, I work in the coal-pits.

Seru. Look'e, Gentlemen, this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Kite. May it please your Worships, this man has no visible means of a livelihood, for he works under ground.

Plu. Well said, Kite: besides, the army wants miners.

Bal. Right, and had we an order of government for't, we cou'd raise you in this and the neighbouring county of Stafford, five hundred colliers that wou'd run you under-ground like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Seru. Well, friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Mob. I'm marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Bal. Are you marry'd, good woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd in conscience.

Kite. May it please your Worship, she's with child in conscience.

Sca. Who marry'd you, mistress?

Wom. My husband—we agreed that I shou'd call him husband, to avoid passing for a whore; and that he shou'd call me wife, to shun going for a soldier.

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Scru. A very pretty couple! pray, Captain, will you take 'em both?

Plu. What say you, Mr Kite, will you take care of the woman?

Kite. Yes, Sir, she shall go with us to the sea-side, and there, if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll take care that no body shall hinder her.

Bal. Here, Constable, bring in my man. [*Exit Con.*] Now, Captain, I'll fit you with a man, such as you ne'er list'd in your life.

Enter CONSTABLE and SYLVIA.

O! my friend Pinch, I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then?

Sca. What then! is that your respect to the bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier:

Sca. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit for a soldier.

Con. A whoremaster, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Bal. What think you, Captain?

Plu. I think he's a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a soldier! send your own lazy, lubberly fons at home; fellows that hazard their necks every day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Con. May it please your Worships, I have a woman at the door to swear a rape against this rogue.

Syl. Is it your wife, or daughter, booby? I ravish'd 'em both yesterday.

Bal. Pray, Captain, read the articles of war; we'll see him list'd immediately.

Plu. reads.] Articles of war against mutiny and desertion,—&c.

Syl. Hold, Sir,—once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer to me; and you, Mr Ballance, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plu. Look'e, young spark, say but one word more,

and I'll build a horse for you as high as the cieling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that you ever made in your life.

Syl. You have made a fine speech, good Captain Huffcap; but you had better be quiet, I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Plu. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false—I am descended of as good a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench, and I am heir to twelve hundred pound a year.

Bal. He's certainly mad—pray, Captain, read the articles of war.

Syl. Hold once more—pray, Mr Ballance, to you I speak, suppose I were your child, wou'd you use me at this rate?

Bal. No, faith, were you mine, I wou'd send you to Bedlam first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father, Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever serv'd his country; I'm his only child, perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Bal. He's a very great fool if it does; Captain, if you don't list him this minute, I'll leave the court.

Plu. Kite, do you distribute the levy-money to the men while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir—silence, Gentlemen.

[*Plume reads the articles of war.*]

Bal. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the favour of you, not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Con. There are no more, an't please your Worship.

Bal. No more! there were five two hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape for a bribe of eleven shillings a man; because, he said, the act allow'd him but ten, so the odd shilling was clear gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

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Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the book, 'tis for the good of the service.

Mob. May it please your Worship, I gave him half a crown to say that I was an honest man; but now, since that your Worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Bal. 'Tis my opinion, that this constable be put into the captain's hands, and if his friends don't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night,—Captain, you shall carry him to Flanders.

Sca. Scr. Agreed, agreed!

Plu. Mr Kite, take the Constable into custody.

Kite. Ay, ay,—Sir. [*To the Constable.*] Will you please to have your office taken from you? or will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you? [*Constable drops his staff.*]

Bal. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court—Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite. Come, Mr Militia serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *The Fields.*

Enter BRAZEN, leading in LUCY mask'd.

Braz. The boat is just below here.

Enter WORTHY with a case of pistols under his arm.

Wor. Here, take your choice, my dear.

Braz. What! pistols! are they charg'd, my dear?

Wor. With a brace of bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a foot-officer, my dear, and never use pistols; the sword is my way—and I won't be put out of my road to please any man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you. [*Cocks one pistol.*]

Braz. Look'e, my dear, I don't care for pistols—pray, oblige me, and let us have a bout at sharps; damn it, there's no parrying with these bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you ha'n't your belly full of these, the sword shall come in for second course.

Braz. Why then, fire and fury! I have eaten soap

from the mouth of a cannon, Sir; don't think I fear powder, for I live upon't. Let me see; [*Takes one.*] and now, Sir, how many paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my shot till I am sure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a cloak; 'tis our way abroad.

Lucy. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the strife. [*Unmasks.*]

Wor. Lucy! take her.

Braz. The devil take me if I do—huzza! [*Fires his pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy harradan, how those bullets whistle? suppose they had been lodg'd in my gizzard now.

Lucy. Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, 'till I know whether my money be safe. [*Searching his pockets.*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you; but if I had you in the Rose tavern, Covent-Garden, with three or four hearty rakes, and three or four smart napkins, I wou'd tell you another story, my dear. [*Exit.*]

Wor. And was Melinda privy to this?

Lucy. No, Sir, she wrote her name upon a piece of paper at the fortune-teller's last night, which I put in my pocket, and so writ above it to the captain.

Wor. And how came Melinda's journey put off?

Lucy. At the town's-end she met Mr Ballance's steward, who told her, that Mrs Sylvia was gone from her father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. Sylvia gone from her father's! this will be news to Plume. Go home, and tell your lady how ne'er I was being shot for her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BALLANCE with a napkin in his hand, as rising from dinner, and STEWARD.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, Sir; and then searching for her in the chamber that was my young master's, we found her cloaths there; but the suit that your son left in the press, when he went to London, was gone.

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Bal. The white trimm'd with silver?

Stew. The same.

Bal. You ha'n't told that circumstance to any body?

Stew. To none but your Worship.

Bal. And be sure you don't; go into the diningroom, and tell Caprain Plume that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall—— [Exit.]

Bal. Was ever man so impos'd upon? I had her promise, indeed, that she wou'd never dispose of herself without my consent. I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and deed—and this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the villainy, first of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me, to think that I cou'd be so wretchedly impos'd upon; her extravagant passion might encourage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his—I'll know the truth presently.——

Enter PLUME.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your young gentleman soldier?

Plu. He's at my quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my men.

Bal. Does he keep company with the common soldiers?

Plu. No, generally with me.

Bal. He lyes with you, I presume.

Plu. No, faith, I offer'd him part of my bed—but the young rogue fell in love with Rose, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to town.

Bal. So that between you both, Rose has been finely manag'd.

Plu. Upon my honour, Sir, she had no harm from me.

Bal. All's safe, I find.—Now, Captain, you must know, that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded; he said I should heartily repent his being lifted, and so I do from my soul.

Plu. Ay! for what reason?

Bal. Because he is no less than what he said he was; born of as good a family as any in this county, and he is heir to twelve hundred pound a-year.

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Plu. I'm very glad to hear it—for I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representative of the whole commons of England.

Bal. Won't you discharge him?

Plu. Not under a hundred pound Sterling.

Bal. You shall have it; for his father is my intimate friend.

Plu. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Bal. Nay, Sir, you shall have your price.

Plu. Not a penny, Sir; I value an obligation to you much above an hundred pound.

Bal. Perhaps, Sir, you sha'n't repent your generosity—Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket-book? [*Gives his book.*] In the mean time, we'll send for the gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter SERVANT.

Go to the Captain's lodging, and enquire for Mr Wilful; tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the gentleman's below at the door, enquiring for the Captain.

Plu. Bid him come up.—Here's the discharge, Sir.

Bal. Sir, I thank you.—'Tis plain he had no hand in't. [*Aside.*]

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken crew; and you, Mr Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your Worship.

Plu. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality—but now you are at liberty—I have discharg'd you.

Syl. Discharg'd me!

Bal. Yes, Sir, and you must once more go home to your father.

Syl. My father! then I'm discover'd.—Oh, Sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no pardon.

Bal. Pardon! No, no, child, your crime shall be your punishment: here, Captain, I deliver her over to the

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conjugal power for her chastisement : since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very husband.—When she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly ; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than you wou'd any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plu. And are you Sylvia in good earnest ?

Syl. Earnest ! I have gone too far to make it a jest, Sir.

Plu. And do you give her to me in good earnest ?

Bal. If you please to take her, Sir.

Plu. Why then, I have sav'd my legs and arms, and lost my liberty ; secure from wounds, I am prepar'd for the gout ; farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes.—Sir, my liberty, and hopes of being a general, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred pound a-year—but to your love, Madam, I resign my freedom, and to your beauty my ambition—greater in obeying at your feet, than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr Ballance, that your daughter is lost.

Bal. So am not I, Sir, since an honest gentleman has found her.

Enter MELINDA.

Mel. Pray, Mr Ballance, what's become of my cousin Sylvia ?

Bal. Your cousin Sylvia is talking yonder with your cousin Plume.

Mel. and Wor. How !

Syl. Do you think it strange, Cousin, that a woman should change ? but I hope you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy ; I alter'd my outside, because I was the same within ; and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man ; that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantic, Cousin ; but since success has crown'd your adventures, you will have the world o' your side, and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offer'd you in the letter to your father.

Plu. That injury, Madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friend; make Mr Worthy happy, and I shall be satisfy'd.

Mel. A good example, Sir, will go a great way—when my cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable I sha'n't hold out much longer.

Enter BRAZEN.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours—Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I—you have got a pretty house here, Mr Laconic.

Bal. 'Tis time to right all mistakes—my name, Sir, is Ballance.

Braz. Ballance! Sir, I am your most obedient—I know your whole generation—had you not an uncle that was governor of the Leeward islands some years ago?

Bal. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir—he play'd at billiards to a miracle—you had a brother too that was a captain of a fireship—poor Dick—he had the most engaging way with him—of making punch—and then his cabbin was so neat—but his poor boy Jack was the most comical bastard—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickled dog, I shall never forget him.

Plu. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your project yet? are you still for the privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a privateer just now, I had like to have been pick'd up by a cruiser under false colours, and a French pickaroon for ought I know.

Plu. But have you got your recruits, my dear?

Braz. Not a stick, my dear.

Plu. Probably I shall furnish you.

Enter ROSE and BULLOCK.

Rose. Captain, captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my sweetheart Cartwheel to go with us; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find Mrs Rose has not been pleas'd with her bedfellow.

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Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a passion, child, I was as little pleas'd with your company as you cou'd be with mine.

Bul. Pray, Sir, dunna be offended at my sister, she's something under-bred; but, if you please, I'll ly with you in her stead.

Plu. I have promis'd, Madam, to provide for this girl; now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you? or shall I take care of her?

Syl. She shall be my charge, Sir; you may find it business enough to take care of me.

Bul. Ay, and of me, Captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your hand against me, I'll desert.—

Plu. Captain Brazen shall take care o' that. My dear, instead of the twenty thousand pound you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have rais'd at the rate they cost me—my commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit and less good fortune—whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my Queen and country at home.

With some regret I quit the active field,
Where glory full reward for life does yield;
But the recruiting trade, with all its train
Of endless plagues, fatigue, and endless pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
And raise recruits the matrimonial way.

—[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

ALL ladies and gentlemen, that are willing to see the comedy call'd the Recruiting Officer, let them repair to-morrow night, by six a-clock, to the sign of the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.

*We scorn the vulgar ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe now obeys the call of drum.
The soldier, not the poet, here appears,
And beats up for a corps of volunteers :
He finds that music chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses music to invite ye.*

Beat the grenadier march.—Row, row, tow —Gentlemen, this piece of music, call'd, *An overture to a Battle*, was compos'd by a famous Italian master, and was perform'd with wonderful success, at the great Operas of Vigo, Schellenberg and Blenheim ; it came off with the applause of all Europe, excepting France ; the French found it a little too rough for their delicateſſe.

*Some that have acted on thoſe glorious ſtages,
Are here to witneſs to ſucceeding ages
That no music like the grenadier's engages.*

Ladies, we muſt own, that this music of ours is not altogether ſo ſoft as Bononcini's ; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more people aſleep than all the Camilla's in the world ; and you'll condeſcend to own, that it keeps one awake, better than any Opera that ever was acted.

The grenadier march ſeems to be a compoſure excellently adapted to the genius of the Engliſh, for no music was ever follow'd ſo far by us, nor with ſo much alacrity ; and with all deference to the preſent ſubſcription, we muſt ſay, that the grenadier march has been ſubſcrib'd for by the whole grand alliance : and we preſume to inform the ladies, that it always has the pre-eminence abroad, and is conſtantly heard by the tall'eſt, handſomeſt men in the whole army. In ſhort, to gratify the preſent taſte, our author is now adapting ſome words to the grenadiers march, which he intends to have perform'd to-morrow, if the lady, who is to ſing it, ſhould not happen to be ſick.

*This he concludes to be the ſureſt way
To draw you hither ; for you'll all obey
Soft music's call, tho' you ſhou'd damn his play.*

END OF THE RECRUITING OFFICER.